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Good half mile track connected with R. Road
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FREE CARRIAGE TO R. R. STATION.
Good Livery attached. Having recently pur-
chased and fitted up this house, it will be open
for guests April 1st.

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I have leased this house and have opened it
for boarders or transient travel, and collect a
share of the public patronage.
PETER BOWMAN,
Winchell, Jan. 10, 1876.

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Good horses and carriages to let at all hours.
Orders left at Colburn House will be promptly
attended to.
Factory Point, Vt., June 24, 1876.

TACONIC HOTEL,
Manchester, Vermont.
[Foot of Mt. Equinox.]
This long established and favorably known
summer resort is now open for visitors. Address
by mail or telegraph.

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F. H. ORVIS, Proprietor.

Open from June to October.
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Open from June to October.

WM. WILLIAMS & SON,
Would inform their old patrons and the
public generally that they still continue the
manufacture of all kinds of

HARNESS WORK
at the old stand, and propose to make it for the
interest of persons who need goods in our line
to call.

We make our own Leather in the old-fashioned
way, and can and will sell at the time.
Persons wishing to call or to call on will take
great care in looking.

Our Cut skins are not worth tanning.
Dorset, April 20, 1876.

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LEATHER CEMENT,
The best thing out.

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years and all are unanimous in the best thing
of the kind they have ever used, and that it
works like a charm.

PRICE: 25 CENTS per dozen; 20 cents
per bottle; six bottles for trial sent express paid
for.

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Offers the advantages of a Full Board of able and
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for any one wishing to purchase
Fancy Goods, Toys,
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Stationary, Blank Books, Confection-
ary, Choice Cigars, etc.,
is at the
FACTORY POINT DRUG STORE
VINCENT GROVER.

A WILL AND A WAY.

There is a great deal said in these latter
days about wills. In the marriage re-
lation; and about conventionality and all
that sort of thing. Does not nature al-
ways work contrary? If there is an
excess in one place, is there not sure to
be want in another? Extremes meet, and
so they did when Bob Gray, the
easiest man in town, paid his addresses
to Kitty Logan, the young school m'arm,
who had agreed to take the village school
in the township of Niles; where the big
boys always turned the master out of
doors on Christmas, or made him treat.

Bob Gray had a rich father, a hard
working mother and one proud sister,
and could afford to be lazy. Mr. Gray,
the elder, came west in very early times,
located near the town of Niles, lived in a
log cabin years, shook himself out of
joint with the age, wore it out, and
never had it afterwards. But a poor
neighbor who had a large farm a mile
from Mr. Gray could not wear it out;
his wife died, his children suffered, he
offered his farm very cheap and Gray
bought him out, promising to pay some-
time.

A year or so afterwards, discouraged
with his crops and the inability to pay
for the new farm, he tried to persuade
the former owner to take it back, which
he refused to do. A lawsuit ensued, and
the matter ended by poor Gray being
obliged to keep the farm and pay the
costs. Terrible was the blow, but he
lived through it; and five years after-
wards, when the Ohio & Mississippi
Railroad passed through the same farm
and set up a station house exactly in the
center, he found himself a rich man. He
sold town lots at high figures, sent his
son to Jacksonville to be educated, and
daughter Susan to Monticello. He dressed
himself in broadcloth, wore kid
gloves, accepted the nomination for the
legislature, and unexpectedly found him-
self elected and making laws for his
countrymen at the capital of the Prairie
State. So much in explanation.

Bob came home from Jacksonville with
his sheepskin properly tied with a blue
ribbon, dressed superbly, had the best
turn-out in town, wore a tremendous
pair of whiskers, and, of course, Kitty
Logan felt flattered when he offered to
see her home from church or called a ter
school to take her out riding. Miss Susan
Gray took a little pains to find out that
Kitty was distantly related to the Sum-
mers and Lincolns, of Massachusetts, but
somehow, she did not learn the import-
ant fact that Kitty had worked at straw
braiding in the town of Foxboro until
she had earned money enough to educate
herself.

Where there's a will there's a way,
said Kitty; and I know I can paddle my
own canoe out west, where they say
nothing is wanting but the power to do
and the will to put the power in motion.

So, bidding her friends good bye, for
she was an orphan, she donned the pret-
tiest little straw hat which her own
pretty fingers had plaited, sewed and
pressed, and trimmed with neat drab
ribbon with a blue edge, which corre-
sponded exactly with her drab traveling
dress and cape, and matched her blue
eyes to a T. Thus she started for Illi-
nois, to a friend of hers who had written
that she thought the school could be pro-
cured.

She was a little homesick when she
arrived at Niles, and would have given
one of the gold pieces tied away in that
pocket of hers for a look once more at
the rough rocks and swampy hollows,
overshadowed by thin evergreens, that
surrounded her native home. She
would have bounded with joy at the
sound of the old factory bell that used to
call the merry girls together for their
evening's toil. Still she did not say so,
but put on a cheerful face, sought out
the directors and made her application.

Mr. Smith, the main man, looked as if
the blue-eyed miss, with her rosy lips,
had insulted his dignity to come offering
herself to teach a school in that neighbor-
hood. But as she offered to teach for \$3
a month cheaper than the last incumbent,
and wrote such a pretty hand, and the
pale-eyed daughter to their new shelter,
and the now sobered husband followed.

But what a scene met their gaze! The
hotel was a nest cottage, every window
pane in its place, the floors clean and
bright, the pallings white-washed, the
mud hole gone and the pleasant comfort
of a humble home on every hand. Into
it they walked, mute with astonishment,
to find the favorite furniture, even to
Susan's piano.

Where there's a will there's a way,
said Kitty, gravely. I had anticipated
trouble, and with the money I have been
laying up a few years, I have been able,
by the kind assistance of my husband's
partner, to secure this in my own name,
and make it a comfortable home for your
mother and sister; now it remains with
you to say whether I shall be the wife of
a man. The wife of a drunkard I will
never be any longer than the law will
compel me. I shall hold the deeds of
this property in my own hands. If you
will we can be happy here. My school
is open for me even from the hotel; our
child must not live to see her father's
shame. Forgive your drinking company
and I will be faithful to the end. If you
go on as heretofore, I will take myself
and infant beyond your reach.

She conquered just as she did the big
boys. Thomas Gray has not been inside
of a lager beer saloon since the memor-
able day. Miss Susan is a wiser and a
better woman than before the fall. The
aged mother only sorrowful that the
dead man cannot return and see how
happy cheerfulness and industry can
make a family.

Kitty still works away—her blue eyes
and golden hair, like the blue sky and
spring sunshine, shedding light and joy
all around her. She sometimes says

with him; and they were married. Now
we have really begun our tale, which
we are not writing merely to tell a love
story, as you see, but to illustrate a place
as well as relate a fact.

Mr. Thomas Gray opened his office in
Niles, and, supposed, of course, all the
world would call on him for counsel,
and was for settling up in good style, but
shrewd little Kitty insisted that a plain
way was best. She did not desire any
such display as had been made by some
of their neighbors, who had grown sud-
denly rich.

One day as they were riding gayly by
a miserable looking hotel in the suburbs
with broken windows and doors off the
hinges, a mud hole near, and the pigs
looking through the doors at a besotted
man as if they sympathized with and
had a fellow feeling for him in his degra-
dation, Mr. Thomas Gray said to his
wife:

How would you like to live in such a
place as that, my dear?

Not at all, of course, was the reply.
There is no knowing what may hap-
pen, said he; my friend there, Mary Bell,
was three years ago to all appearances,
as well off as you are to-day; but her
husband speculated high, lost, took to
drink, and there she is!

I can't help that, answered Kitty; no
drunkard can put me in such a place as
that.

Not to be too sure, deary, said Thomas
Gray.

Sure, answered Kitty with spirit, I
am just as sure as this: There is not a
man living whose fortunes I would fol-
low down so low as that.

What would you do, pray; let us know
the secret?

One thing I would not do, answered
the young matron promptly; I would not
be a drunkard's wife.

How would you help yourself?

Where there's a will there's a way,
said Kitty, but don't let us talk about
that; surely I shall never have a drunkard
husband, and with a deep shadow over
her brow, that came like a pre-sen-
timent of evil, the ride was continued in
silence.

Two years went by, and Mr. Thomas
Gray grew desperate. Bad bargains
were made, speculations entered into,
convivial companions drew him from
Niles to the capital. His well filled
pocket made him welcome everywhere—
Kitty, good little soul, seeing things go-
ing a little out of the way, would persist
in giving music lessons and teaching the
young girls of Niles to paint, and then
dined a class of earnest boys in Latin—
for college—all in her own pretty cottage
adding dollar to dollar, like a wise little
wife. Then in the long evenings when
her husband was with his club or down
street, early fellow that he was, her fin-
gers grasped a good steel pen, and many
a pleasant tale went forth to the world
well paid for, through the eastern jour-
nals.

To make a long story short, the crash
of '57 found Mr. Thomas Gray and his
father, the elder, exactly under it, and
down they went so low that Billy Fitch,
the drayman declared he could not find
enough left of them to pay him for haul-
ing the goods to the auction room. Town
lots, big houses and all went—went to
getter—and Mr. Gray the elder, was
found one morning in October of '57 sus-
pended from a beam in his own barn, at
the end of his wife's patent clothes line,
and on that eventful morning Thomas
Gray, Jr., lay stretched out his whole
length upon the counter of a lager beer
saloon, if not drunk, so stupid he couldn't
get it one little morning.

The terrible suicide happened on the
morning when both families were leaving
the great house to move in the very
hotel that, two years before, Kitty had
declared she could never be brought to
live in. Three days before, her husband
had said to her, with a thick tongue:
You have got to come to it, Kitty; after
all, you see, I ain't always so easy to
keep out of love.

Kitty made no reply, but with a resolute
will went on her way. When the
funeral was over she led the weary, heart-
broken mother and wife, and the pale-
eyed daughter to their new shelter, and
the now sobered husband followed.

But what a scene met their gaze! The
hotel was a nest cottage, every window
pane in its place, the floors clean and
bright, the pallings white-washed, the
mud hole gone and the pleasant comfort
of a humble home on every hand. Into
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make a family.

Kitty still works away—her blue eyes
and golden hair, like the blue sky and
spring sunshine, shedding light and joy
all around her. She sometimes says

quietly to Susan that she shall teach
young Thomas the third that important
lesson which has been her own tallman
through life—that where there's a will
there's a way.

Jim was hoeing in the garden one fore-
noon this summer. That is, he had his
back against a cherry tree and was lazily
chopping at weeds and vines together,
hitting one when he missed the other.

Along came a boy about the same age,
and, looking through the fence, he ex-
claimed:

What! you working?
Yass, was the sad reply.

Hoeing up weeds with the thermometer
at ninety degrees in the shade?

Yass.

After a short period of astonishment,
the new boy inquired:

Jim, how can Christian parents expect
a boy to hoe and dig and rip up the soil
with the thermometer way up sky-high?

But I've either got to hoe or get ficked,
protested Jim.

Then, Jim, come on and let's go fish-
ing, and you take the hoeing. Fishing
will last half a day, anyhow, and a hoeing
doesn't last over ten minutes.

It hurts though, mused Jim.

Yes, it hurts a little, but just think
how well it sits on the wharf and make
them big black bass boiler for me for a
day long. Can't you stand as much as a
fish?

Jim thought he could, and hung his
hoe on a limb, crawled through the
fence, and the weeds knew him no more
that day.

The other morning a boy entered a
Detroit drug store, bottle in hand, and
said he wanted ten cents worth of anky-
mony. The druggist had him repeat
the word two or three times, and then
said:

Now, do you mean ankyra or ammo-
nia?

I dunno, was the reply.

What is it for? asked the druggist.

I'll be ficked if I tell, said the boy,
starting slowly out. He went as far as
the door, got a bright idea and turned
and said: If your wife hit you on the
head with a chair-leg, which of them
medicines would you get to take the
swelling down?

Ankyra.

Then fill her in ten cents' worth, said
the boy, and he gazed lovingly at the
stick of licorice while the preparation
was being bottled.

HOW HE SEIZED THE STAKES.
Any Cummins was a cute down-east
er—a real live Yankee—always ready for
a joke, and hard to beat. He was one
day in a country bar-room out west,
where several persons were assembled,
when one of them said:

Yankee Cummins, if you go out and
stick your penknife into any thing, when
you come back I'll tell you what it's
sticking in.

You can't do no such thing, responded
Cummins.

I'll bet ten dollars of it, said the other.

Well, I rather guess I'll take that ere
bet. Here, captain, turning to the land-
lord, hold the stakes, and I'll just make
half a saw-horse in less than no time.

The parties deposited an X piece, and
Cummins went on his mission, but in a
short time returned, saying:

Well, nabber, what is it aickin' in?

In the handle, replied the western
man, as he reached out his hand for the
stakes.

Guess not—just wait awhile, said the
Yankee, as he held up the handle of the
knife minus the blade; kaiskake the
blade can't be in the handle, when it's
dye clean up in an old stump aside of yer
road out there.

Cummins won the wager.

WHERE THEY LEFT HIM.
The other morning, as the conductor
of a train going west from Detroit was
passing around after tickets, he came to
a man who waved him away with a very
important air, at the same time remark-
ing:

Pass on, sir, pass on.

I want your ticket, replied the con-
ductor.

Ticket, you hiring of anarchy! shout-
ed the man, puffing out his cheeks. Sir,
I own this road, I bought it just before
leaving Detroit, and while I would like
to retain you in my employ, you must be
more civil, or I shall discharge you on
the spot, even if you have a dozen chil-
dren to support.

I must have your ticket or the money,
said the official.

Consider yourself discharged! roared
the man.

He was left on the track between two
stations. He sat down on a log to pin
his paper collar on, and his last words, as
the train moved off, were:

MONTENEGRIN MODES OF WARFARE.

Now that the Montenegrins are in the
heat of warlike operations, it is interest-
ing to know their method of making
war, which is very primitive. A Mon-
tenegrin never sues for mercy, and when
one is so severely wounded that he can-
not be saved from the enemy, his own
cousins take upon themselves the plea-
sant duty of cutting off his head. When,
at the attack of Clobuck, a small detach-
ment of Russian troops was obliged to
retreat, an officer of stout make and no
longer young, fell on the ground from
exhaustion. A Montenegrin perceiving it
immediately to him and, having
drawn his yatagan, said:

You are very brave and most wish that
I should cut off your head. Say a prayer
and make a sign of the cross.

The officer, horrified at the proposition
made an effort to rise and rejoined his
comrades with the assistance of the
friendly Montenegrin. They consider
all those taken by the enemy as killed.
They carry out of the battle their wound-
ed comrades on their shoulders. Arms,
a small lot of bread, a cheese, some garlic,
a little brandy, an old garment and two
pairs of sandals made of raw hide form
all the equipment of the Montenegrins.
It is impossible to retain them in the
reserve, and it seems that they canno-
tally bear the view of the enemy. The
tactics of the Montenegrins are confined
to being skilful marksmen. A stone, a
hole, a tree offer them a cover from the
enemy. Firing usually in a prostrate
position on the ground, they are not
easily hit, while their rapid and sur-
prise carry destruction into the closed
ranks of a regular army. They have
besides a well-practiced eye for judging
of distance, and thoroughly understand
how to take advantage of the ground.—
Of course it will always be difficult to
employ such warriors against regular
troops.

VERY HARD TO PLEASE.
There is a gentleman in this city, says
the San Antonio Herald, who has ac-
quired the habit of going to a fruit stand,
and after pricing the melons, etc., and
eating about five cents' worth of pean-
uts, objects to the price and does not
buy.

Yesterday the fruit man made up his
mind to sell him something anyhow.

How much are those melons? inquired
the peacock friend.

Five cents apiece.

Can I pick my melon?

Take the largest you can find.

And let me plug them to find a ripe
one?

Yes; here's a knife; split 'em wide
open.

Don't you throw in a banana?

Always.

When? If I had any way to get the
melon home I believe I'd invest.

Just say the word and I'll send you
both home in a new sack, and give you
sixty days to pay for the melon.

Melons are going to be cheaper after
winter, but if the chrono suits I'll take
the melon. No choice in it, is there? Let
me see the chrono?

What chrono?

Why, you ought to be able to throw it
a chrono if you mean business, I always
get a chrono for cash transactions like
that. Sorry can't trade. And he picked
up a handful of peanuts and sauntered
off.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE
BUREAU.